

THE
GOODMAN of *AUCHERMUCHTY*;
OR,
The W I F E turned G O O D - M A N .

GIVING

A meiry ACCOUNT how the GOOD-MAN was fitted to his Mind.

Tune of, *Pulvring Poverty.*



IN *Auchtermuchty* lived a Man,
If all be true that I heard say;
Who yok'd his Pleugh upon the Plain,
Upon a wet and windy Day:
The Wind blew cold which did him stay,
From the North-east, baith Hail and Rain,
He lous'd his Pleugh he dought not stay;
The cold did chase him Hame again.
Good-wife, quoth he, rise up amain,
And give the Stots both Corn and Hay;
The Morn ye shall my Trouble ken;
And I'll be Good-wife as I may.
Ye've dwelt so lown this mony Day,
About the Fire you sit right glad,
To-morrow ye shall try the Way,
And learn yourself the Pleugh to had.
This Seed Time it proves cold and bad,
And ye sit warm, no Troubles sees,
The Morn ye shall pass with the Lad,
And then ye'll ken what Drinkers drees:
Good-man, quoth she, if it you please,
That I must travel to the Pleugh,
And you to dwell at Hame at Ease,
Perhaps you may get Toil enough.
Jack, dare we venture west the Cleugh,
And thou shalt had, and I shall ca,
I shall reward thee well enough,
Of fine Gravats I'll give thee twa:
Good-man, since you have made this Law,
Then guide a' well, and do not break,
They rode sicker that did ne'er fa',
Therefore let nothing be neglect.

Since with my Trade ye are affected,
See first you sit, and then ye kned,
Let all Things rightly be directed,
Keep all the Gaislings from the Gled:
And see the Bairns fyle not the Bed,
And kirn the Kirn, and make the Cheese,
And if you occupy your Trade,
I trow you shall find little Ease.
She sat up late, her Mind to please,
For to her Trade she had a Care,
She kirn'd the Kirn, she bor'd his Neeffe,
No Rigmari she left him there:
Upon the Morn she raise up air,
And on her Liver laid her disjoon;
As meikle in her Lap and mair,
As wad a serv'd four Men at Noon.
Then on she goes with merry Tone,
Away with *Jack* to yoke the Pleugh,
I trow e'er all the Play be plaid,
That our Good-man get Toil enough:
The Carling she was strong and tough,
And of her Trade she took no fear;
But from a Tree she pull'd a Bough
And stoutly made the Stots to steer:
Then our Good-man when Time drew near,
Got up for to go try the Spinning,
His Spindle fell, all ran a rear,
Alas! he got an ill Beginning.
I wat na whether Yearn or Linning,
Was on the Rock, or Lint, or Tow,
But round about the Fire rinning
I wat his Rock's Head took a Low;



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And up into the Lumb did flow,
 The Soot took Fire, it fled him then,
 Some Lumps did fa' and burn his Pow,
 I wat he was a dririe Man;
 Yet he got Water in a Pan,
 Wherewith he flocked out the Fire,
 To sweep the House he then began,
 To had a' Right was his Desire.
 He fetch'd the Kirn ben from the Byre,
 Whereat he wrought until he swat,
 But should he plunge until he tyre,
 He little or no Butter got;
 Then on the Fire he hang the Pot,
 And with two Soups ran to the Spout,
 Or ever he came back I wat,
 The new Pot Bottom was burnt out.
 Next all the Bairns rair'd in a Rout,
 He thought to catch them all up clean,
 The first he got his Arms about,
 Was bedirten to the Een;
 Alas! quoth he, what did I mean,
 At first to take this Work in Hand,
 I think I have bewitched been;
 Then fyl'd the Blankers all he fand,
 Then forth to wash them in the Strand,
 And for to poss them on a Stane,
 A Rush of Flood came from the Land,
 And down the Water hath them tane;
 By that Time Kine and Calves ilk ane,
 Did meet, the Good-man ran to red,
 The Brandit Cow, Thief break her Bane,
 Did bore his Buttocks 'till they bled.
 I trow he thought he was ill sted,
 The Gaislings wander'd far awa',
 And by then came the greedy Gled,
 She took up three and left but twa';
 These poor Beasts paid the Skaith for a',
 The Sow he gave her little Thank,
 Drew o'er the Kirn with her fore Pa,
 And ay she winked, and ay she drank;
 He took the Kirn Staff by the Shank,
 Wherewith to reach the Sow a Rout,
 The twa poor Gaislings got a Clank,
 For their Brains he chapped out;
 Then pull'd he th' old Sow by the Snout,
 And with the Kirn Staff on the Back,
 He did her hit a right sound Rout,
 'Till o'er her Ribs the Shank plaid Crack;
 Had you been there to see the Knack,
 You would have laugh'd to seen the Sport,
 The Sow his Fingers gave a Snack,
 With her sharp Tusks she made them short;
 Then he began to rove a Thort,
 For of his Trade he then did tyre,
 Great Beatings to the Kiln did sort,
 While all the Ribs were on a Fire;
 Up throw the Corn it did aspire,
 And to the Roof it took the Way,
 Wa's me, quoth he, a dear Kiln hyre,
 Alas! that ever I saw this Day;
 For I was never at sick a Fray,
 Since first my Dame did rock my Head,

For every Thing doth gang astray,
 I think there shall be no Remead.
 But all shall turn to Wrack indeed,
 I wish I had my Pleugh Stilts kepted,
 Let never better come of Fead,
 With that he sat him down and weeped;
 And o'er his Cheeks the Tears they creeped,
 Which oit he dighted with a Clout;
 Then upon the Dyke-head he leaped,
 And on his Wife gave many a Shour.
 Who still did steer her Stors about,
 And for her Husband took no Care,
 But at him did both laugh and flour,
 Indeed she thought the Sport was rare:
 While he poor Man was in Despair,
 Not knowing what to say or do,
 For every Thing did backward fair,
 That he did put his Hand unto.
 But yet at length it chanced so,
 The Pleugh did louse, the Good-wife came
 The Good-man said, ye're welcome Jo, (Home,
 For of my Trade I think great Shame.
 Your Occupation take my Dame,
 Quoth she Good-man, well may you bruike,
 What is the Cause your Hand is lame,
 Quoth he, the Sow, Mischief her Choak,
 Did get it in her Teeth, and shoak;
 And eke the meikle branded Cow,
 Into my Breech her Horns did yolk,
 And's made my Buttocks fair I trow;
 And now this Charge I'll quite to you,
 All Controversies let be ended,
 Both Corn and Kiln is quite burnt throw,
 What miss is done none cannot be mended.
 Therefore my Dear, be not offended,
 But take your Charge, and I'll take mine,
 I wish that I had quite miskend it,
 For now I drie, both Shame and pine.
 Quoth she, Good-man, the Fault was thine,
 You took my Trade against my Will,
 Now after this do not repine,
 But occupy your own with Skill.
 Since of my Place you have your Fill,
 Then do not boast I live at Ease,
 When forth you walk the Pleugh until,
 For now you know what Drinkers drie.
 Gae fetch me Butter, Milk and Cheese,
 And let us eat, and drink, and 'gree.
 Indeed good Wife, if it you please,
 The ne'er a Crumb the Sow left me.
 Good-man, quoth she, how may this be,
 That every Thing is gone arrear.
 Good-wife walk out and in, and see,
 And then you will have Cause to spear,
 Quoth she, Good-man, indeed I fear,
 If you should occupy this Trade,
 Within a Quarter of a Year,
 Our House will come to a short Stead.
 Now when you have these Lines all read,
 And of the Writer would have Skill;
 From the Highway, ye need not speed,
 But speir for Lady Ann's new Miln.